

Good 666 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Breaking Guard for L. Steward Bill Rose

IT was with some trepidation that we moved along the hall at 23, Northchurch Road, N.1, leading Steward Bill Rose. You see your mother opened the door and immediately warned us that "Slip" might not exactly make us welcome. We imagine you must be glad indeed that you have such a conscientious sentinel at No. 23. However, having successfully negotiated the stairs and made known the precise reason for our visit—to get a picture of the folk and some news from home for you—we set to work. Your father and Gran left most of the chatting to your mother who was, however, only too pleased to talk about you and brother Rob, and how much everyone was looking forward to seeing you both again. Meantime, do keep those letters coming, won't you? Your mother seemed to think it possible that you and Rob might meet somewhere, so remember to keep on the "qui vive," Bill.

We heard about your regular visits to Harringay, and hope it won't be long before you can become part of the cheering crowds again. Talking about the Speedway, reminded your mother of your new sport, and she hopes the water-polo is going well.

Your friend, "Son" Shotter, wants to be remembered to you and hopes to be seeing you soon, maybe at the "Prince," which your father mentioned meditatively.

After telling us how much everyone at home was missing you, your mother ended with a message. Part of it doesn't mean a thing to us, but we imagine you'll know. Here it is.

"If you've any more tips like the one about 'This Happy Breed,' I'd certainly like to have them, Bill, and I'd like to see you do a star-turn on the Mess Deck!"

All the best of luck from Gran and your mother and father, and hurry up home.

W. H. MILLIER AND HIS PALS AT THE SIGN OF THE JOLLY ROGER One Meeting Courses Are Bane of the Turf

"WELL, Bernard, have you solved the problem of how to bring about the improvements to our racecourses?" asked the Guv'nor, when the first round of drinks had been handed out.

"And can you tell me when Gordon Richards will ride his first Derby winner?" countered Bernard.

"That is an easier question to answer than the one you foist on me. Still, I am rash enough to suggest that the difficulty can be overcome."

"In the case of the courses owned by private individuals, or by companies, the matter is fairly straightforward. If they think they can see a fair return for their outlay, there is nothing to prevent them from making the necessary improvements."

"I think they would have a good argument if they requested the Jockey Club to grant them one or two more meetings during the season to recompense them for the additional expenditure. It may surprise many people to know that the majority of our racecourses are forlorn and empty for 360 out of the 365 days in the year."

"It is all very well to compare the lavishness of some of the American tracks with our rather shabby and old-fashioned way of presenting racing, but just think of the vast difference in the profits made. The films have given our people glimpses of the splendour of Santa Anita Park, California, and they wonder why we cannot have the same comfort on our courses."

"The answer is that at Santa Anita Park they have meetings lasting as long as 55 days. Ascot and Goodwood, our two most picturesque courses, each have one four-day meeting a year. Bath has one two-day meeting, Newcastle a three-day meeting, and many others no more than this. Surely it must be obvious to anyone that the profits of many years of racing would not be enough to provide the amenities that California can enjoy."

"This does not take into account the vagaries of the English climate. A wet summer can reduce the attendances to less than a quarter of the normal figures, and you know how many wet summers we do have. The climate of California is more dependable, and it is certainly golden as far as racing is concerned."

"You are right," said the Guv'nor. "As long as our best racecourses are restricted to one or two meetings a year, we cannot expect the owners to spend large sums of money in providing improvements."

"In the old days I used frequently to drive past the Ascot course, and it always struck me very forcibly that it was a pity to see such a lovely place closed and shuttered for 361 days of every year. It has taken the war, with its restrictions on travel and the transportation of racehorses, to bring Ascot into more extended use, and surely the success of this should not be lost on the authorities, who could very well provide more meetings."

"Now that you mention Ascot," said Bernard, "I will give you my idea of the solution to the problem we have been trying to get straight. Ascot is owned by the King. It is not run for profit. Formerly the profits went into the privy purse, but now all the money goes back into improvements of the course. For that we have to thank the only Labour Government we've had in office."

"It was one of the best things done by the Labour Party, in my opinion. Now take those courses which are run on what is properly common land. If the Government extended the measure dealing with Ascot to cover these courses, we should soon have our amenities and plenty of enjoyable racing."

"I don't see how any pressure of this sort could be rightly brought to bear on the private owners of courses, but you may be sure that they would have eventually to follow suit if the other courses were made so much more attractive."

"They would probably demand to be allotted more meetings," said the Guv'nor, "before embarking on any heavy outlay."

"That would be reasonable," said Bernard, "but it will be a long time before there will be enough racehorses to go round. Still, there will be many courses closed for several years, and during that time things will level themselves up, as they generally do."

"In the case of Aintree, which is owned by Lord Sefton, there are scarcely any limits to what could be done towards making racing as attractive as it is in, say, California. The Sefton family must have made a mint of money out of racing, and could make more with a little imaginative planning, but, of course, the Jockey Club would have to make the first move by allotting more meetings."

"There is a lot of talk in some quarters about making access to this old country of ours more attractive to visitors, particularly Americans. We have to admit that there is plenty of room for improvement, so why not make a start with racing?"

"I have listened to you two financiers without interrupting the flow," said Paddy, "and I agree that Bernard's suggestion to make the big open courses return their profits to the sport is a good one, but you have overlooked the fact that the great bulk of the public part of the course is free."

"If sufficient money is to be found to pay for big improvements the public will have to pay for admission."

"I think that is sound," said the Guv'nor. "Everybody should pay something towards the upkeep. If the public paid, they would have a sound claim to be given value for money. As it is, they cannot rightly complain when the number board is placed out of

"If there is any doubt about the hazardous manner in which vital information is conveyed, we had an example at Cheltenham the other week."

"I know the one you refer to," said Bernard, "and it hit the bookmakers where it hurts most—in the pocket. After nearly all bets had been made, and many big ones too, it was announced, only a minute or so before the start, that the favourite had been withdrawn."

"Of course, the people who had backed the favourite received their money back, but the bookmakers had their books badly unbalanced, as they had laid bigger odds on all the other horses than they would have done."

"That's a very rare occurrence," laughed Paddy. "It has never been my luck to back a winner when bookies were laying over the odds."



CALLING L.S. Bob Lloyd. When "G.M." visited your home at 18 Belgrave Avenue, Belgrave, Blyth, Bob, we found everyone in the best of health. Your wife, Dolly, had returned from a shopping expedition just before we arrived. She had managed to get some oranges for your daughter, Josephine—which is quite an achievement nowadays! Mrs. Turner called to ask about you, and she adds her best wishes. The message, Bob, is, "Keep smiling, and be sure you are always in our thoughts."

Homeless Bookworms

MEN with long hair and high-powered spectacles were seen hanging about Bloomsbury, in the centre of London, recently. And they weren't just waiting for the pubs to open.

They were literary men

whose browsing had suddenly been taken away from them—readers who use the Reading Room of the British Museum day in, day out, man and boy, for years and years and years. For the Reading Room was closed for six days for a grand Spring clean.

After reverently depositing on the doorstep all bodies of literary gents who had died at their desks, without anyone having noticed it, the cleaners got to work with brushes, dusters, soap and water, and made such a difference to the place that the returning exiles took weeks to get accustomed to the new smell.

The Reading Room, 140 feet across, circular in shape, and with a dome 106 feet high, is one of the largest and most valuable libraries in existence.

Anyone who obtains a ticket from the Chief Librarian, can seat himself in a comfortable chair at one of

the 300 well-equipped desks and, by merely filling in a form, obtain almost any book ever published in the English tongue—as well as many written in foreign languages.

Beneath the Reading Room run long-distance passages, lined with shelves, which swing out to disclose more shelves, which swing out to disclose more shelves, which—and so on. And so far do the passages go, that the men who dig out the required books sometimes have to travel on little trolleys—or they might never get back.

It's the law that a copy of every book, pamphlet, piece of music, newspaper—yes, "Good Morning" too—must be deposited at the British Museum within a month of publication.

We usually rush our little paper round before the ink is dry. And do the librarians greet us with a smile? Yes, they like "Jane," too.

D. N. K. B.

Throw bricks at us if you like (the Editor is building a house, anyway) but for goodness sake **WRITE!**

Address: "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

sight and they do not even know the runners." "You can bet that when some of the courses do at long last instal the public address system, they will not carry it to the open part unless by that time they have shut off all free



"Say, you! Keep your mind on your work, and less horse-play!"

"I know you like to have a laugh at the expense of my colleagues, but they usually have the last laugh. Still, I do think that Cheltenham affair showed the need for some better and quicker method of communication between the starter and the stewards. A microphone at the starting-post would cost very little to instal, and, with the public address system, the information could have been broadcast in a matter of seconds."

"The cost is so trifling in comparison with racecourse profits," said the Guv'nor, "that it amounts to sheer pig-headedness to delay installing loudspeakers on all courses."

"And it wouldn't surprise me," said Paddy, "if that system is not out-of-date by the time the Jockey Club insists on it being part of the equipment of all places that race under their rules."

"Greyhound racing and Pony racing have had it for years. But there—what's the use of trying to read the collective mind of that ancient body, the Jockey Club?"

"We'd better have another round and hope for the best," concluded Bernard.

Concluding BILL'S LAPSE

By W. W. JACOBS

"WHY 'as Ginger gone to bed?" ses Peter. "Wot's up, Ginger?" "He's all right," ses Bill; "just a bit of a 'eadache."

Peter stood staring at the bed, and then he pulled the clothes off and saw pore Ginger all tied up, and making awful eyes at 'im to undo him.

"I 'ad to do it, Peter," ses Bill. "I wanted some more money to escape with, and 'e wouldn't lend it to me. I 'aven't got as much as I want now. You just came in in the nick of time. Another minute and you'd ha' missed me. 'Ow much 'ave you got?"

"Ah, I wish I could lend you some, Bill," ses Peter Russet, turning pale. "but I've 'ad my pocket picked; that's wot I come back for, to get some from Ginger."

Bill didn't say a word. "You see 'ow it is, Bill," ses Peter, edging back towards the door; "three men laid 'old

of me and took every farthing I'd got."

"Well, I can't rob you, then," ses Bill, catching 'old of 'im. "Whoever's money this is," he ses, pulling a handful out o' Peter's pocket. "it can't be yours. Now, if you make another sound I'll knock your 'ead off afore I tie you up."

"Don't tie me up, Bill," ses Peter, struggling.

"I can't trust you," ses Bill, dragging 'im over to the washstand and taking up the other towel; "turn round."

Peter was a much easier job than Ginger Dick, and arter Bill 'ad done 'im 'e put 'im in alongside o' Ginger and covered 'em up, arter first tying both the gags round with some

string to prevent 'em slipping.

"Mind, I've only borrowed it," he ses, standing by the side of the bed; "but I must say, mates, I'm disappointed in both of you. If either of you 'ad the misfortune wot I've 'ad, I'd have sold the clothes off my back to 'elp you. And I wouldn't 'ave waited to be asked neither."

He stood there for a minute very sorrowful, and then 'e patted both their 'eads and went downstairs. Ginger and Peter lay listening for a bit, and then they turned their pore bound-up faces to each other and tried to talk with their eyes.

Then Ginger began to wriggle and try and twist the cords off, but 'e might as well 'ave tried to wriggle out of 'is skin. The worst of it was they couldn't make known their intentions to each other, and when Peter Russet leaned over 'im and tried to work 'is gag off by rubbing it up agin 'is nose, Ginger pretty near went crazy with temper. He banged Peter with his 'ead, and Peter banged back, and they kept it up till they'd both got splitting 'ead-aches, and at last they gave up in despair and lay in the darkness waiting for Sam.

And all this time Sam was sitting in the Red Lion waiting for them. He sat there quite patient till twelve o'clock and then walked slowly 'ome, wondering wot 'ad happened and whether Bill 'ad gone.

Ginger was the fust to 'ear 'is foot on the stairs, and as he came into the room, in the

darkness, him an' Peter Russet started shaking their bed in a way that scared old Sam nearly to death. He thought it was Bill carrying on agin, and 'e was out o' that door and 'arf-way downstairs afore he stopped to take breath. He stood there trembling for about ten minutes, and then, as nothing 'appened, he walked slowly upstairs agin on tiptoe, and as soon as they heard the door creak Peter and Ginger made that bed do everything but speak.

"Is that you, Bill?" ses old Sam, in a shaky voice, and

standing ready to dash downstairs agin.

There was no answer except for the bed, and Sam didn't know whether Bill was dying or whether 'e 'ad got delirium trimings. All 'e did know was that 'e wasn't going to sleep in that room. He shut the door gently and went downstairs agin, feeling in 'is pocket for a match, and, not finding one, 'e picked out the softest stair he could find and, leaning his 'ea agin the banisters, went to sleep.

It was about six o'clock when 'e woke up, and broad day-

light. He was stiff and sore all over, and feeling braver in the light 'e stepped softly upstairs and opened the door. Peter and Ginger was waiting for 'im, and as he peeped in 'e saw two things sitting up in bed with their 'air standing up all over like mops and their faces tied up with bandages. He was that startled 'e nearly screamed, and then 'e stepped into the room and stared at 'em as if he couldn't believe 'is eyes.

"Is that you, Ginger?" 'e ses. "Wot d'ye mean by making sights of yourselves like that? 'Ave you took leave of your senses?"

Ginger and Peter shook their 'eads and rolled their eyes, and then Sam see wot was the matter with 'em. Fust thing 'e did was to pull out 'is knife and cut Ginger's gag off, and the

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. A hoby is a kind of horse, early bicycle, hawk, Irish fairy, old woman?
2. What is the smallest county in Wales?
3. Goldfish were introduced into England in 1690, 1790, 1890?
4. What is the Red-Headed League?
5. How many meanings do you know for the word "snaps"?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Sphere, Cube, Square, Circle, Ellipse, Spiral.

Answers to Quiz in No. 665

1. Ring.
2. Kinetics treats of forces as causing motion; kinematics treats of motion as apart from forces.
3. Inverness.
4. H. G. Wells (during the war of 1914-18).
5. "Mary had a little lamb," spoken by Edison to test his invention.
6. Columbine is not a kind of dove; others are.

PUZZLE CORNER

1. When Colin said "Chaps," Yvonne said "Oliver." What word linked these two ideas in Yvonne's mind?
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—H, W, I, N, J, X, L, E, Z, F, A.
3. Six people, A, B, C, D, E and F, are sitting at a round table. F is not next to E, A is to the right of D, B is not to the left of E, D is two places from both C and E, and E is not opposite F. In what clockwise order were they sitting round the table?
4. John and Jack live an equal distance from George, but Jack lives twice as far from John as John from George. If Jack moves to John's house, George to Jack's, and John to George's, who lives farthest from Jack?
5. Rearrange the following words to make sense, inserting the capital letters, and then state if it is true or false: cleopatra wrote a caesar once called shakespeare and play.
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—B2, E5, A1, G4, C3, F6, I9.

7. Green is to sky what blue is to: Clouds, yellow, grass, bluebells, blood?
8. A family party consisted of 1 grandmother, 1 grandson, 2 grand-daughters, 1 son, 4 daughters, 2 mothers, 6 sisters, 1 brother, 2 aunts, 1 great-aunt, 1 nephew, 4 nieces, 1 great-nephew, 2 great-nieces, 2 twins, 1 sister-in-law, 1 brother-in-law, 1 father, 1 mother-in-law and 1 son-in-law. What is the least number of persons who need have been present?
9. When Molly said "Plus," Robert said "Form." What word linked these two ideas in Robert's mind?
10. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Shrimp, Crab, Woodlouse, Octopus, Lobster, Crayfish.
11. If all women novelists are fair, some men novelists are dark, and fair novelists often write about dark men, is it necessarily true that (a) men novelists sometimes write about women novelists, (b) dark women never write novels about dark men, (c) women novelists often write about men novelists?

12. If the day after to-morrow week is a fortnight before a month after the day before my birthday, when is my birthday, supposing yesterday was April 1st.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 665.

1. Piano with carved legs, iron frame, and wooden back for sale. Worth £50. Late owner a music mistress.
2. India is not a Dominion; others are.
3. (a) No, (b) No, (c) Yes.
4. Saturday.
5. Safety.
6. St. Paul's Cathedral is not a show; others are.
7. (a) Yes, (b) No, (c) Yes.
8. He was born in the town of March, in Cambridgeshire, and being a celibate clergyman was quite able to marry his sister (to another man) while remaining a bachelor.
9. Colman.
10. 21 comes out of numerical order; others are in order.
11. Cousin.
12. Drop it from a height of 4 feet. It will then fall 3 feet without breaking! We are not concerned with what happens after that!

Folks Are Queer

MR. AND MRS. W. FEDDEN have been sitting on a bomb for the past five years—well, living over it, anyway. It was in 1940 that a German raider put a "heavy" down on the Fedden doorstep in Warwick Gardens, Kensington—and it's still there.

As the bomb couldn't be got out, sixteen feet of concrete was put over it, and everyone hopes to live happily ever afterwards.

"We've got used to it," said Mr. Fedden. Well, you can get used to anything.

PASSENGERS in an omnibus at Bournemouth found they were going the wrong way, and their alarm was increased when they saw they were being driven near the cliffs. Behind them came a motor-car in headlong pursuit.

While the bus driver and conductor were having a cup of tea, two men mounted the driving seat and drove the vehicle off.

They pulled up about five hundred yards from the starting point and, leaping from the drivers' cabin, ran towards the cliffs and disappeared.

The man in the car behind was a bus company official. He caught up to find the "drivers" gone and the twenty-two passengers trying to make sense out of it all.

BIRD fanciers have had a hard time during the war. That is obvious from the fact that in 1939 there were 560,000 registered owners and breeders, and that there are now about 14,000.

But in spite of all discouragements—including the price of birdseed, which rose from twenty-five shillings a hundredweight to £1 per pound—a lance-corporal serving in Italy has stuck to his pets—four canaries, which go wherever he goes.

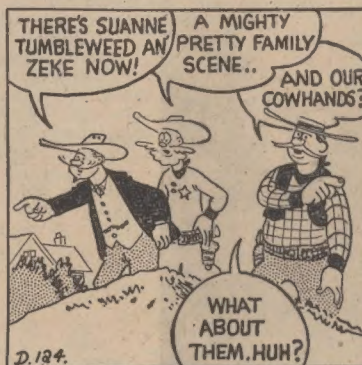
Mr. E. R. W. Lincoln, secretary of the bird fanciers' official organisation, told this story. He had a letter from the lance-corporal, in which he said the canaries found things a bit strange at first, but were settling down to their new life, travelling about in an Army lorry, sometimes under fire.

Those birds will find things a bit quiet in peace-time.

MR. EDWIN WALKER and Mr. Richard Barton, both of London, can shake hands and swap yarns. They were both horse-bus drivers way back in the nineties. They have just completed fifty years' service with London buses. And they are both working still. Edwin is 68 and Richard 67.

D.N.K.B.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 605

1. Behead a tool and get a serpent.
2. Insert the same letter nine times in the following, and get a sentence: eterierickedaekofickleddeercorns.
3. What common word has VIDENT for its exact middle?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The fisherman began to — his hook over the water, and then — seriously.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 604

1. L-oaf.
2. RAGE—ND, GANDER.
3. AuSTIn.
4. Angered, enraged, grenade.

JANE

BILL'S LAPSE

(Continued from Page 2)

Just time they'd been rude to 'im, but as a rule he'd 'ad to put up with it. He sat and listened while Ginger swore 'imself faint.

"That'll do," he ses, at last; "another word and I shall put the bedclothes over your 'ead. Afore I do anything more I want to know wot it's all 'eard you come in. I'll pay about."

Peter told 'im, arter fust calling 'im some more names, cut off Peter Russet's gag, and because Ginger was past it, Peter Russet called 'im 'arf a score of names without taking breath.

"And when Ginger's finished I'll 'ave a go at you," he ses. "Cut off these cords!"

"At once, d'ye 'ear?" ses Ginger. "Oh, you wait till I get my 'ands on you!"

Sam didn't answer 'em; he shut up 'is knife with a click and then 'e sat at the foot of the bed on Ginger's feet and looked at 'em. It wasn't the

"Are—you—going—to undo—us?" ses Ginger, at last.

"No, Ginger," ses old Sam, "in justice to myself I couldn't do it. Arter wot you've said—and arter wot I've said—my life wouldn't be safe. Besides which, you'd want to go shares in my money."

He took up 'is chest and marched downstairs with it, and about 'arf an hour arterwards the landlady's 'usband came up and set 'em free.

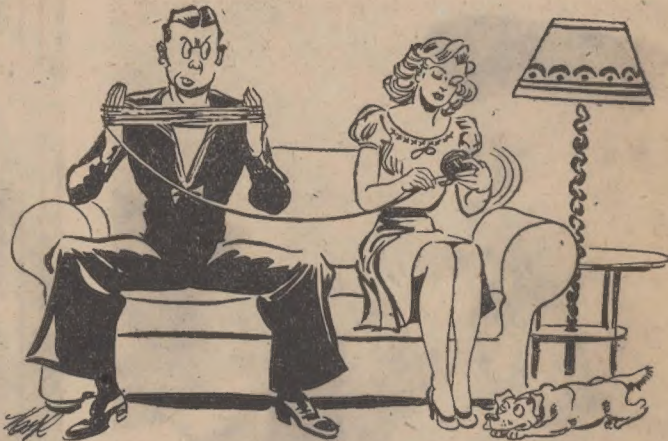
As soon as they'd got the use of their legs back they started out to look for Sam, but they didn't find 'im for nearly a year, and as for Bill, they never set eyes on 'im agin.

THE END

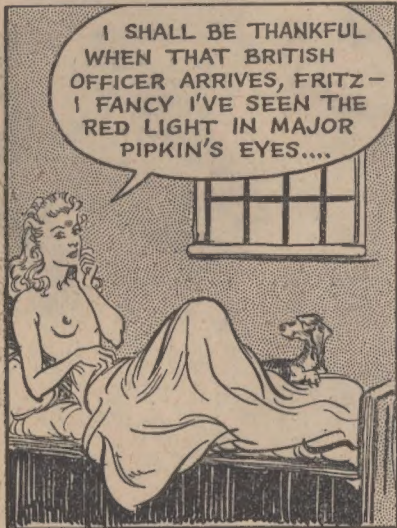
ALEX CRACK

A man stated in court recently that he went everywhere his wife told him. If we did the same we should have to complain of the heat.

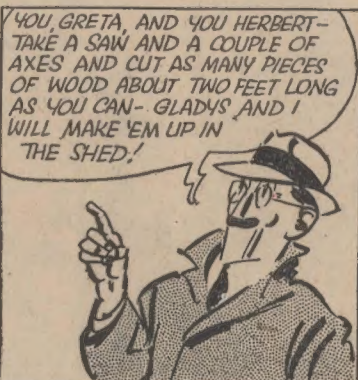
FAMILIAR PHRASES—By JACK MONK



Avoiding action.



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



KATHARINE HEPBURN

"CANDOUR" is a thumb-nail description of individualist Katharine Hepburn.

In a city where frankness and outspokenness is not exactly the common thing, explosive Katharine has made it the rule. As a result, the plain-spoken actress has been, and still is, often misunderstood.

When Miss Hepburn does grant an interview it is for one reason only. She has a strong belief that everyone should do the very best at whatever job they do. Consequently, when it's explained to her that the reporter has an assignment, it's his job to talk to her: she agrees, but insists every word, whether good or bad, be true.

Katharine Hepburn's candid, dynamic personality is the result of her rearing. She was brought up in a family where the children were taught to think for themselves, to fight for their convictions and to face facts with courage. Her No. 1 phobia is being "yessed." She is bored with unimportant conversation. She always says what she thinks. She will stand her ground against anyone. She is realistically honest and abhors sham and pretence.

Shortly after the opening of "Death Takes a Holiday," in which she was the star, she was informed the producer wanted a big name in the cast. She was told she could resign. "Resign, hell!" shouted Miss Hepburn. "If he wants me out of the cast he can kick me out!" He did, too.

DICK GORDON.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

IMPORT SAWS
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STAVE DOES
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ROC LYMPH N
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42						43		

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Furze. 5 Hts. 10 Invent. 11 Involving voice. 12 Thorough. 14 Eggs. 15 Former. 16 Pull. 17 Fruit. 18 Gossamer. 20 Broom. 22 Team. 24 Due reward. 27 Narrow view. 29 Lump of wood. 31 Chief. 33 Bore. 35 Pronoun. 36 Completely. 37 Ardent. 39 Hollow. 41 Baked dishes. 42 Joints. 43 Character.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Curling motion. 2 Deceives. 3 Free. 4 Single group. 5 Note of music. 6 Dealing with. 7 Sweetmeat. 8 Entangle. 9 Metal. 11 Wise. 13 Dice. 17 Deer. 19 Oyster. 21 Brisk. 23 Accomplished. 25 Water-diviner. 26 Hut. 28 Small. 30 Edible birds. 32 Dash. 34 Military cap. 37 Possessive pronoun. 38 Cocoa-bean. 40 That is.

Good Morning

"Here she is, Sir, still wearing the attractive boyish crop she wore in 'For Whom the Bell Tolls'." Lieut. Bennet, of H.M. Submarine "Satyr," requested this picture of Ingrid Bergman — incidentally she's our favourite actress, too.



Boogie Woogie from old Chinatown! The bandsman blowing the hot breaks on the Peking piccolo was performing in a street wedding procession.



We can understand that sunshine is an embarrassment to a Polar bear, but we never thought we'd see one protecting her peaches and cream complexion with a sunshade!



This is the centre of the world to a whole lot of good fellows who hail from Lancashire! For any ill-begotten Submariners who fail to recognise this hub of North Country business, we'll tell them — but only this once, mind you — that it's Albert Square, Manchester.



The gal with the arm-our-plated waist and the bird's-nest hair is none other than the original "Gibson Girl" — the toast of grand-papa's day. Well, any excuse for a drink, we know—but really!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"He never needs an excuse for a drink."

